

FADE IN

EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - NIGHT

The house is dark. The moon is almost full. A dog barks.  
A melancholy voice, worn for its age, narrates:

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Ever try bein' different? An' I  
don't mean jus' thinkin' about  
it, either. Ginger an' me - I  
mean I...

The house numbers read 669. The 9 slips: the number now  
reads 666.

BRIGITTE (CON'T/V/O)  
Ginger an' I? Went for different.  
Big time.

There's a light on in a basement window. We creep up to it,  
crushing the tulip borders on the way. The window is propped  
open with a sneaker: it looks like somebody's foot is caught  
in it. Music plays inside.

INT. GIRLS' BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gyrating in her underwear to bad-girl grunge, BRIGITTE  
FITZGERALD (15) straddles GINGER FITZGERALD (also 15 and in  
underwear) on one of the twin single beds. Both girls have  
cigarettes lolling on their lower lips. Both girls have  
pierced eyebrows, pierced noses and streaked hair. Brigitte  
has blue nail polish on. Ginger has breasts.

GINGER  
Brigitte. Quit dickin' around.  
Jus' do it.

Brigitte reluctantly stops her thrashing and douses a cotton  
ball in rubbing alcohol.

Without looking up from her TANK GIRL comic, Ginger hauls her  
own shirt up to expose her navel.

Brigitte swabs Ginger's navel with the wet cotton ball. Her  
eyes drift to Ginger's chest, then back to what she's doing.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Ginger's ten months older than  
me. We're seriously tight. Share  
everything. Everything.

Around them, many candles burn. There's a dead bolt on the door. An attached full bath. The floors are thick with paranormal books. The walls are covered in images of UFO's and horror flicks. A framed photo of Kurt Cobain with Courtney Love has a place of honor. There's an old Polaroid of the girls at five in Halloween costumes; Lil' Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf. Ginger is the wolf.

Brigitte produces an enormous darning needle. It glints. She levels it at Ginger's navel, her hand shaking.

BRIGITTE  
Ready?

GINGER  
(without looking up)  
Uh-huh.

BRIGITTE  
...I can't.

Ginger gives Brigitte a look over the top of her comic.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, and lines the needle up again. Brigitte swallows hard and applies pressure. The needle pierces Ginger's skin. Her stomach muscles flinch.

GINGER  
OUCH!

BRIGITTE  
You said it wouldn't hurt!

GINGER  
Jus' hurry up!

The needle has stopped moving half-way through the skin.

BRIGITTE  
Uh-oh.

Brigitte wiggles the needle. Blood wells up around it.

BRIGITTE  
Um. I think it's stuck. Oh man.  
There's blood...

Ginger lowers her comic. She takes one look at the needle half-in, half-out of her belly button - and cracks up.

BRIGITTE  
S'not funny, Ginger!

Laughing her head off, Ginger gives the needle a good tug from her end. The skin tugs with it, resisting.

BRIGITTE  
Ah, gawd, gross.

Ginger yanks the needle, hard. This time it moves.

GINGER  
I got it, I got it.

Ginger grits her teeth. The needle begins a slow progress.

GINGER  
It's goin', it's goin'- gimme  
the ring ...

Brigitte grabs at a tiny silver ring on the bed spread but knocks it to the floor. Brigitte scrambles after it. Ginger yanks the needle.

GINGER  
Bee?! C'mon!

Brigitte finds the ring and hands it to Ginger. Ginger sets the ring on the end of the needle, looping it not-so-neatly through.

BRIGITTE  
Oh, groo-oo-o-ss!

The bloody needle pops clear. Ginger grinds on the ring to close it. Ginger wipes her bloody hands on the bed. Brigitte is taking deep, gulping breaths.

GINGER  
Bee? Feeb. Y'okay?

BRIGITTE  
Yeah. I think so.

GINGER  
(teasing)  
Yeah, I think not.

BRIGITTE  
If you din't say it hurt, I'd a  
been fine!

Ginger beams at her new piercing.

GINGER  
Pretty cool, unh?

The flesh around the navel is hot pink and bruising. Brigitte grins too.

BRIGITTE  
Very cool.

GINGER  
Now I'll do you.

Brigitte bravely hangs onto to her smile.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
We do everything together. But,  
at fifteen? A chick can change.  
Ya know?  
HA! You got no idea.

EXT. THE FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DAY

It's a beautiful autumn day in suburbia. Birds sing. The  
terrier next door (NORMAN) barks and barks.

A pierced navel is stretched taught, filling with blood.  
Ginger's limp body is bent backward over a low fence. Blood  
is flowing from where she's been speared through her chest:  
Ginger's impaled on a white picket.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Don't get me wrong. It's not  
like we were all happy or  
nothin' to begin with.

Brigitte takes a long, ponderous drag on her cigarette as -  
unmoved - she takes in Ginger's mortal wound. Brigitte eyes  
the identical homes and gardens that stretch on to the  
horizon.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
The suburb of Bailey Downs?  
Basically a well lit black hole.  
The Kingdom of cul du sac.  
That's French for Dead End.

Brigitte flicks her smoke into a pile of neatly raked leaves.  
It smolders then goes out. She scowls.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
You had a gram of personality  
out here? Life bit the big one.

A truck with COUNTY REGREENING PROGRAM on its side pulls up a few houses over. Brigitte watches a shirtless sun-bronzed Adonis - SAM - climb out of the cab.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Of course I'm generalizing.

A tarty teenage girl - TRINA - bounds up to Sam and gives him a big wet one.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
No I'm not.

GINGER  
The fuck, Bee. Take a picture  
already.

Brigitte raises a 35mm still camera to her eye and frames her sister's corpse in the viewfinder.

ROLL HEAD CREDIT SEQUENCE:

Snap! A slide of Ginger - dead on a white picket fence - smashes on. The HEAD CREDITS are superimposed on each of the slide images:

Snap! Ginger sliced up with an electric knife in the kitchen,

Snap! Ginger drowned in a bubble bath,

Snap! Ginger hanged by nylons in the laundry room,

Snap! Ginger mangled under the front tires of a mini van.

PICTURE TITLE: *GINGER SNAPS.*

INT. BAILEY HIGH ART ROOM - DAY

The Fitzgerald sisters stand over a slide projector in art class, just finishing the slide show from the credit sequence. An empty frame of blinding white light snaps onto the collapsible screen at the front of the room.

The homely ART TEACHER looks very concerned as she hits the lights. The other STUDENTS - all about fifteen, middle-class and raging conformists - sit in stunned silence. As Brigitte and Ginger return to their side-by-side seats,

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
We were always considered  
freaks. For as long as I can  
remember, there was Us. And  
there was Them. Like from  
kindergarten.

ART TEACHER  
Very -um. Class? Comments?

The students trade constipated looks.

ART TEACHER  
Brigitte. What does it mean for  
you?

Brigitte shrugs and squirms.

GINGER  
Means there's more to life than  
- well, life.

The Fitzgeralds look expectantly at row after row of blank  
faces. Brigitte shakes her head.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Attempts at communication were  
futile.

JASON McCARDY- a good-looking high school Casanova - looks  
Ginger over appraisingly. Ginger ignores him.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Some of Them did seem to wanna  
reach Ginger?

Brigitte glances from Ginger's breasts to her own flat chest.  
Brigitte takes a deep breath.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
But nobody wanted to reach me.

The bell goes.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
(a tad defensive)  
Like I cared.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

TEENS clog the halls. Judging by the herd, Bailey High is not big on individual identity, or at least its outward expression.

Ginger and Brigitte slip down the crowded corridors, sticking out like sore thumbs. Ginger holds her forehead.

GINGER  
Gawd, People! They hurt my  
brain!

BRIGITTE  
They didn't even get it.

GINGER  
They're retards.

BRIGITTE  
They're cretins.

GINGER  
They're bone-heads.

BRIGITTE  
They're somnambulists.

GINGER  
They're leems.

BRIGITTE  
They're the goddamn walkin'-/

The girls stop before their locker. A folded up piece of loose leaf has been crushed into it, its end sticking out.

BRIGITTE  
(unimpressed)  
Another one?

Ginger opens the locker. She unfolds the paper. There's a big fat joint inside, and a note that says: GINGER, CALL 555-4636.

Ginger pockets the joint, crumples the paper into a ball and tosses it at a near-by trash can. She misses.

The girls head down the hall.

BRIGITTE  
Somebody leaves you all these  
jays an' yer not even curious to  
call?

Ginger offers her a sucker and has one herself.

GINGER

Nope.

A FAT JANITOR scoops up the wad of loose leaf with great resentment and jams it into the trash.

Brigitte and Ginger pass a NECKING COUPLE practically dry-humping, GIRLS applying make-up to one another, and BOYS snapping each other with their sports cups.

Jason and his fellow jock-pals TIM, FRANK, and JEREMY are scoping babes.

Ginger bends to tie her boot lace and a collective groan swells from the guys.

JASON

See? She's weird, but hot.

TIM

Anybody poled Fitzzy yet?

Brigitte gives them a disgusted look.

TIM

Not that one. The cute one.

Brigitte's face falls. Ginger gives them a Death Stare. The boys try flirty smiles.

GINGER

(to Brigitte)

Sad. Must be hard to think with yer brains slappin' around yer thighs like that all day.

Brigitte laughs. Ginger pulls her on, past a sign: GYMNASIUM.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

We didn't do guys. Guys were too gross. Everyone at Bailey High was just too incredibly gross.

Ginger applies her boot to a swinging door and they enter,



## INT. GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM - DAY

The Fitzgeralds stop dead. They take in a menagerie of 90210-wanna-be GIRLS changing for gym class. The background chat is all sex and mascara.

There is only one free spot: next to Trina and her TRINA CLONES. The Trinas slide into a-size-too-small shorts while parading hefty chests. The Trina acts like she owns the goddamn planet.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

The only thing worse than most  
teenage boys are most teenage  
girls. Trinas are the limit.

Ginger digs at her lower abdomen painfully.

GINGER

I feel sick.

BRIGITTE

Me too.

GINGER

No, I mean really.

Ginger opens a locker and tears off her clothes. Other girls glance at her navel piercing with disgust.

Brigitte is very self-conscious: she steps almost inside the locker, hiding behind the door while she changes into the revolting school gym outfit. She eyes the buxom bubble heads with contempt, as

BRIGITTE (V/O)

There was really only one Trina,  
but they were all the same.

Trina finds the Fitzgeralds' open locker door a nuisance. She pushes it out of her way, hard enough to whack Brigitte in the head on the other side.

TRINA

(fakely)

Ooops. Sorry.

Ginger gives Trina a very dirty look. Brigitte tries to rub her sore head while clutching her uniform to cover her chest.

Trina and her posse cackle as they prance out, their butt cheeks wagging. The sisters continue changing.

GINGER  
(to Brigitte)  
Y'okay?

BRIGITTE  
I HATE her. Like to feed her  
ground glass with tacks for  
desert. Then make her puke it  
back up and swallow it again  
until she's like shredded to a  
bazillion pieces from the inside  
out....

Ginger grips her sides painfully and bends double.

BRIGITTE  
What's the matter?

GINGER  
I got gas...Maybe I'll try an'  
cut one right in her face out  
there.

They slap hands, laughing. They look down at their gym  
outfits, which are SO unflattering. Brigitte and Ginger  
exchange identical looks of agony.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTS FIELD - DAY

The twenty or so participants in this all-girl gym class  
stand ready at centre field in lacrosse padding and helmets.  
Brigitte and Ginger stand apart from the others, sharing a  
smoke. Brigitte looks scared. Ginger looks ill.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
After two weeks a' high school,  
ya come to the conclusion it's  
all about agony. Take Phys. Ed.  
Jus' practise takin' pain.

The gym teacher MZ. SYKES - an aging former-traffic cop -  
hucks the players sticks with nets on one end. Sykes is given  
to screaming.

SYKES  
Field lacrosse is no pussy-assed  
tea party, ya get IN there, get  
a LOCK on your target and PUSH  
IT! I want SWEAT I want ACTION!

The Trinas giggle at Sykes. Ginger bends forward, holding her  
sides.

MZ. SYKES

Shake a leg, Fitzgeralds. An'  
butt out, you gotta death wish!?

GINGER

Feel really sick, Mz. Sykes.

MZ. SYKES

Cigarettes'll do that for you!  
Move!

Ginger flicks the smoke at Sykes' turned back. It falls short, of course.

The sisters trudge to their places on the field. Ginger is on the offensive line. Brigitte is in goal.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Phys. Ed. is not optional at  
Bailey High.

Sykes blows the whistle. A fast-moving, hard-hitting lacrosse scrimmage begins.

IN RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: Ginger gets caught in the crunch of sticks and bodies, pushed, kicked, and punished by the Trinas, who are having 'fun'.

IN RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: Brigitte visibly cowers as a tangle of marauding, ball-whacking bodies descend on her. She takes a number of direct hits from the hard rubber ball.

On a powerful press for a goal, Trina slams into Brigitte so hard Brigitte flies right out of the net area. And skids face-first ...into a mangled dog's body.

The whistle blows and play stops. Ginger lopes over, breathless, gripping her sore stomach.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I been waiting for this. There'd  
been a lot of dead dogs around  
lately, but this was my personal  
first.

Brigitte slowly climbs out of the mucky canine remains to her knees. She's covered in doggie guts and maggots.

TRINA

Oh, HOW GRO-O-O-O-OSS!!

The class edges toward them, but maintains a horrified distance. Even Sykes struggles with a gag reflex on seeing Brigitte's mess.

Brigitte fingers the dog's remains with a look of fascination.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

'Kay, here's the weird thing about me. I dig dead stuff. Live things make me sick, they're all warm and snotty and shitty and pissy. And live things jus' suffer, which I can't take. But a dead thing? S'kinda beautiful, 'cause a dead thing's really I dunno -like, free.

SYKES

Don't TOUCH it, Fitzgerald!  
What's WRONG with you two?!  
Get up and hit the SHOWERS!

TRINAS IN CHORUS

The cult? Drains the blood out  
and drinks it, ya know! /I heard  
they have sex with them first!  
/Gawd stop, you'll make me PUKE!

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Everyone was all like, Oh it's a  
teen cult, or aah, it's some  
looney, the Beast a' Bailey  
Downs. What crap.

SYKES

All RIGHT, ladies, settle! This  
is no joke! You have information  
about the dog deaths you do  
WHAT!

CLASS IN CHORUS

(by rote)

Tell a teacher, Principal  
Fardor, or the police.

BRIGITTE

Teen cult my ass. Look Ginge',  
something went for its throat -  
it's not cut, it's chewed...

Brigitte looks up in time to see Ginger's eyes roll back in her head. Ginger faints. The class inhales as one.

BRIGITTE

Ginger?

Sykes and the class stampede up. Sykes pushes Brigitte out of the way.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ginger's no pussy. She doesn't faint. I might faint. Like, if this pooch were only HALF-dead, I could faint.

Brigitte stumbles over the dog carcass. She hugs herself.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte sits in her bloodied uniform, chewing her nails. NURSE FERRY - a Mrs. Doubtfire-type who chirps more than speaks - is examining Ginger.

FERRY

The fainting's worrisome  
you don't diet do you dear?

GINGER

No.

FERRY

Hm. Anemia's very common at your age. Eat more red meat, try an iron vitamin supplement. If it happens again, straight to a proper doctor, all righty?

Brigitte looks relieved.

FERRY

Now as for the headache, cramps, lower back pain ...I'm guessing your period is due.

GINGER

I haven't got a, um, period.

FERRY

Never? How old are you?

GINGER

Fifteen. Our mother says we're late bloomers.

FERRY

Well judging by your troubles,  
I'd say you can expect to  
blossom any time now!

Brigitte pulls a face. Ferry produces numerous samples of  
feminine hygiene products and heaps them onto Ginger.

FERRY

Are you familiar with all these?

Ginger shrugs.

FERRY

Now what suits one girl might  
not be comfortable for another.  
The proper form of protection is  
a personal choice, and may have  
a lot to do with your menstrual  
flow, which naturally changes  
during the time you'll have your  
little miracle of nature. It  
could start thick and syrupy,  
move to a straight-forward basic  
bright red bleeding and then  
perhaps a deep brownish to  
blackish slime, signaling the  
end of the flow. Twenty-eight  
days later or thereabouts,  
it'll start all over again and  
continue every month until  
menopause, in about thirty  
years' time.

Nurse Ferry produces a pocket calendar with a tampon or pad  
advertisement for every month.

FERRY (CON'T)

Here's a little calendar to keep  
track, count from the day it  
starts twenty-eight days.  
That'll be your next time. You  
have any questions, come see me  
again.

(to Brigitte)

You too sweetheart, be your turn  
shortly, I expect.

Brigitte looks horrified.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET/TRAVELING - DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Here's a dirty word.  
Inevitability. That fate fully  
intended us to be typical in any  
way, sooner or later, was so  
insulting.

Ginger and Brigitte trudge homeward looking completely depressed. Brigitte flips through the feminine hygiene calendar. Ginger watches the pavement beneath her feet.

BRIGITTE

(reading a panty-  
liner ad)

"Some days it's all you need."-?  
What does that mean?

GINGER

So you pulled a Quincy on that  
dog, unh?

BRIGITTE

Hunh?

Ginger grabs the calendar and sticks it in her pocket.

GINGER

Quincy, that guy with the stiffs  
on cable. Alls I remember is you  
goin', "Teen cult my ass".

BRIGITTE

Oh. Right. Well, I dunno.

Brigitte shrugs. She gives Ginger a funny look.

GINGER

Why are you looking at me like  
that? Do I look - different?

BRIGITTE

No.

GINGER

Can you tell I'm going to-?

BRIGITTE

No. ...Really.

Ginger squints at her, unconvinced.

GINGER

Wham. Total adulthood. How can I  
have a miracle of nature an' not  
be old enough to drive! Hunh?  
The fuck.

Ginger kicks a kiddie toy hard into a yard. Brigitte doesn't  
have an answer to this.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - DAY

Their house looks like a set in a home show. The girls take  
it in from the front drive with expressions of complete  
weariness. Next door, Norman the terrier barks at them.

GINGER

Hey. If I start simpin' around  
tampon dispensers and moanin'  
over cramps, or even think about  
buying somethin' that says Baby  
Powder Fresh? You'll shoot me,  
right?

BRIGITTE

Of course.

They exchange grins.

GINGER

Out by sixteen ...

BRIGITTE

...or dead in this scene.

Ginger raises her hand and Brigitte smacks it hard. As they  
mount the drive, Ginger picks up a stone and hucks it at  
Norman, who's still barking. She misses.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

If we failed to get a life by  
Ginger's sixteenth birthday? We  
were s'posed to gas ourselves in  
the garage. For smart girls, we  
could be pretty dumb. We prob'ly  
never woulda done it, but we  
seemed to need a deadline.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Fitzgerald family are having their evening meal. Their  
parents, HENRY (see Men's Section, Sears Catalogue) and



PAMELA (see Martha Stewart's Idea of Living), are liberal, middle class folks in their early forties. Ginger looks bored. Brigitte eats like a pig.

HENRY

How was school today?

GINGER

Fine.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

The nicest thing I could say about Henry and Pamela was also the meanest thing I could say.

PAMELA

Didn't you have a presentation? How'd it go?

GINGER

Fine.

Pamela and Henry exchange irritatingly patient smiles.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

They were easily satisfied.

A rogue's gallery on the wall depicts Henry and Pamela's transformation over the years from angry young Ban The Bomb-types into middle-class mundane.

PAMELA

Made an appointment for you girls at my gynecologist. Next Thursday.

Henry studies his plate. Ginger almost imperceptibly shakes her head at Brigitte. Brigitte nods, understanding.

GINGER

Why.

PAMELA

You know why.

GINGER

We're not going to a gynecologist.

PAMELA

What did I say about that tone of voice? ...You are going to the gynecologist.

GINGER

Dad!? She's completely paranoid!

HENRY

I'd rather stay out of this.

GINGER

She's gonna have some fat jerk  
get his jollies poking his  
fingers up our .../

HENRY

(interrupting)

I'm actually eating here.

PAMELA

Henry, neither one of them has  
had a period yet.

HENRY

Ah. Yes. You've said.  
Repeatedly.

As Pamela says the next line, Ginger mouths it word for word  
to Brigitte.

PAMELA

It's very odd that two perfectly  
healthy fifteen year olds are  
not menstruating. Right?

Brigitte apes Henry's next line back to Ginger.

HENRY

Mmmm. Steak's really yummy  
tonight. This a new sauce?

The sisters giggle. Pamela is losing her cool.

PAMELA

I started at eleven. The problem  
must be on your side, Henry.

HENRY

Pamela? This is not my fault. No  
one's at fault here.

PAMELA

When did your sister start?

HENRY

I've told you, I really have no idea. Oddly enough, we never discussed it. Why don't you call her and ask her yourself?

PAMELA

I can't call her out of the blue and ask a thing like that. Besides, it's dinner time. They'll be eating.

HENRY

A-ha!

PAMELA

Well I've been checking panties for four years now ...

GINGER & BRIGITTE/HENRY

Mo-othe-er!!! /For chrissakes.

GINGER (CON'T)

You look at our underwear? Fuck!

HENRY

Hey, hey - I don't want to hear that word in my house. You will do as your mother says and I will change the subject. Anybody going to tell me what happened to my fence?

From under the table, Henry produces the bloodied, sawed-off picket stained bloody from Ginger's impaling.

Brigitte holds her full mouth open so Ginger can see its masticated contents. Ginger cracks up laughing. Henry and Pamela sigh.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman the terrier barks OFF-SCREEN - constantly.

Brigitte grimaces at the cartoon-style diagrams of How To Insert A Tampon. She carefully unwraps one and sets it in a glass of water. She times its expansion on her watch.

BRIGITTE

Why din't you jus' tell her you're going to get it?

Ginger is dissecting the gift joint from their locker. She sniffs its contents.

GINGER

Can't take her 'attention'. She grosses me out. Can't believe she's our mother.

Brigitte puts a fresh tampon up her nose and lifts a Polaroid camera at arms' length from her face.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, but now we have to see this doctor. You can jus' say you got it, but I'm screwed.

FLASH! The Polaroid spits out the front. Brigitte sticks another tampon in her free nostril, and one in each ear as,

GINGER

Did I get you out of Home Ec?  
Did I get you out of ballet classes? So I'll get you out of this, right?

BRIGITTE

You better, gawd the idea ...

FLASH! Brigitte takes a Polaroid of herself with a tampon sticking out of every visible orifice.

Ginger slides the grass into a pre-rolled fresh casing and sticks it in her mouth.

GINGER

I said I will, I will. This jay's fine. Let us smoke, sister.

Ginger cranks the stereo and throws on a coat. She double-takes Brigitte's tampon face.

GINGER

WHAT are you doing?

BRIGITTE

(sticking tampons  
under her upper lip)  
Look - a walrus.

GINGER

Hardee-har. Har.

Ginger steps up on the bed and swings the ground-level window open.

EXT A NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

Norman the terrier's incessant barking goes on in the distance. The moon is full tonight.

A plastic child's playhouse sits in their next door neighbors' back yard. A cloud of blue smoke emanates from its doors and windows. There is an occasional FLASH! from within, and the whir of the Polaroid's motor.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

In the moonlight, the joint's cherry burns hell-fire red. A couple of Polaroid buddy-shots sit at their feet. Brigitte tokes and passes the jay to Ginger.

BRIGITTE

How'll you know when you finally  
get it any ways?

GINGER

Prob'ly feel like peein' your  
pants.

BRIGITTE

Disgusting.

GINGER

Well I'm not too excited.

BRIGITTE

(checking her watch)  
We're missing Unsolved  
Mysteries.

GINGER

Wish I was an unsolved mystery.

Brigitte reflects on this heavy thought, nodding - stoned.

GINGER

Hey. You smell somethin' gross?

## EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

The girls sniff around the playhouse. Ginger steps on something that makes an evil squeeshy sound. She skids and ends up on her ass.

GINGER

This is so not my day.

Brigitte helps her to her feet. Ginger shakes what she slipped on off her shoe. It's a long, ropy intestine. She drags her shoe to get the blood and goo of it.

GINGER

Nice. Dog shit.

BRIGITTE

(thrilled to  
recognize the smell)

That isn't shit... it's death.

A line of blood and gore trails across the grass to a back lane. Brigitte follows it. Ginger looks around for something on the ground.

GINGER

Great. Lost the jay. Great.

## EXT. SERVICE LANE - NIGHT

Ginger joins Brigitte, who's squatted before another dog's body. This one's a fresh kill.

BRIGITTE

Ack, it's still warm, gross.

Brigitte takes its picture FLASH! with the Polaroid, which is strung around her neck.

GINGER

Why every dog but the mutt next door to us?

BRIGITTE

Hey, we could take it home. Try like, an autopsy. Like, crack the case!

GINGER

Nah. Let's put 'im in there so he won't traumatize the kiddies.

Ginger indicates a construction dumpster on the end of the lane. Disappointed, Bee rolls down her sleeves to cover her hands. Ginger does the same and they shovel the body onto their arms.

They trot the dog over to the dumpster. Brigitte sulks.

GINGER

What.

BRIGITTE

We never do what I wanna do.

GINGER

Oh, c'mon. Would stink up the whole room!

They hoist the dog up and dump it in the dumpster. It's hind end sticks out. Brigitte climbs into the dumpster, dragging it all the way in.

Dusting herself off, Ginger notices some blood on her thigh.

GINGER

Nice.

Ginger wipes at the blood with her hand. More appears. She lifts up the hem of her skirt. Her face falls. She looks around. She slips her fingers up to her crotch. Her hand comes out bloody.

GINGER

Bee. I JUST got the curse.

Brigitte stops rooting garbage over the dog.

BRIGITTE

Serious?

Ginger wiggles her wet fingers at her.

GINGER

We gotta go home.

BRIGITTE

Eew, 'kay.

Brigitte catches her kilt on a nail sticking out of a plank in the trash.

Something is crunching through the leaves toward them. Ginger peers out into the darkness.

GINGER

Hurry up!

BRIGITTE

I'm stuck!

A few homes down, a garage's motion-sensitive security lamp trips on. Ginger squints, blinded.

GINGER

Bee?!

Brigitte contorts to deal with the nail. Brigitte tears her hem free and jumps down. The light snaps off.

GINGER

(indicating the  
opposite direction)

Let's go this way.

Brigitte dips a hand back into the dumpster for the plank with the nail. Off Ginger's look, Brigitte shrugs.

They start walking down the lane. The greenery behind them starts swelling again. The leaves crunch, faster.

Brigitte and Ginger look at one another, and walk faster. The lane empties behind a deserted strip mall.

EXT. STRIP MALL LOT - NIGHT

Whatever is behind them knocks an empty trash can over. Brigitte grabs Ginger's arm, scared.

BRIGITTE

This is stupid. We're getting  
farther from home.

Ginger is pissed off now. She turns to confront their stalker.

GINGER

(to the darkness)  
All right you ass-/

She's cut cold by a roaring blur of speeding fur and teeth and claws: SOMETHING takes Ginger down hard.

We cannot see it as a whole, we can't make out what it is. It's big, heavy, and raging. Immense jaws snap vicious teeth, going for Ginger's jugular. Brigitte drops her plank.



GINGER & BRIGITTE  
BRIGITTE/GINGER!!!

Brigitte grabs and kicks at the creature. Ginger raises her arms and covers her head, screeching and kicking. The thing grabs Ginger by the scruff and shakes the living daylights out of her.

GINGER  
BEEEEEE! HELP MEEE! BEEEEEE!!!!

Brigitte snatches up the plank with the nails. Brigitte brings it down hard on the thing, screaming. She smacks it once, twice. The plank pops a shot off the camera: FLASH! A horrible set of jaws and one golden eye are caught for a split second in the light.

The third hit evokes a yelp and the thing backs off, snarling. Brigitte quakes with the board raised, ready. The thing skitters before her as she screams.

Ginger scrambles to her feet and grabs Bee with bloodied hands.

GINGER  
Go-go-go-go-go!!!!

Brigitte drops the plank and they run like hell for a main thorough-way ahead. It pursues them.

EXT. THE THOROUGH-WAY - NIGHT

The late-night traffic is light but consistent. The thing is still coming.

At a dead run Brigitte and Ginger sail between moving cars. The thing burns behind them.

The girls are barely missed by an approaching truck. There is a long blast of a horn.

Then a sickening thud. Brakes squealing to a stop as a horrible dragging/scraping fills the night air.

The girls crash to the sidewalk, spilling over top of one another. They glance over their shoulders, even as they disappear into a new residential stretch.

The COUNTY REGREENING PROGRAM truck sits at a right angle in the road, it's front end smashed.

Sam slowly opens the cab door. He staggers to the bloody grill, clearly shaken.

He looks under the truck, and follows a wet trail of gore back behind it to the mangled furry mass about twenty feet back. He takes it in, stunned.

Then Sam vomits.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte scrambles through the window and helps Ginger through after her. They're bloody, sweaty and tearful. They slump shaking, side by side on Ginger's bed, catching their breath.

Brigitte notices the rivulets of blood trickling down Ginger's arms. Ginger's shirt is soaking with growing red stains.

BRIGITTE  
Ginger, shit!

Ginger looks at herself. Ginger starts to cry.

GINGER  
The fuck was that, Bee?

INT. ATTACHED BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte flings open the vanity and collects various first aid items: gauze, tape, band-aids, iodine. She snags a washcloth and wets it at the tap.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
I couldn't remember Ginger  
crying, ever.

Brigitte flies out to,

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

where Ginger is painfully peeling off her shirt, shaking and sobbing.

Brigitte offers Ginger the wet cloth, but Ginger's helpless.

BRIGITTE

Ginger, sshhh, don't, 'kay.  
Don't cry.

Carefully, Brigitte begins to dab at Ginger's arms with it, wiping off the blood. Ginger flinches.

The damage is gradually revealed: massive claw marks, deep scratches, and puncture wounds - BITE MARKS. Brigitte's eyes fill with tears.

BRIGITTE

Okay, this is really bad. You  
need a doctor, Ginge', I can't  
stop all the -/

GINGER

No! Not tellin' anybody! Bee?!  
Nobody. Get in shit for bein'  
out, smokin' up - don't tell.

BRIGITTE

What if you get sick? What if  
these bites get infected?

GINGER

Bee!

BRIGITTE

Fine! I won't tell!

Brigitte starts tearing off strips of gauze and taping it on thick. Oblivious, Ginger fumbles for a smoke. She can't get the lighter to work.

GINGER

Wanted to kill me! I could tell.

BRIGITTE

(giving into tears)  
I know, I know. I was so scared,  
I thought you were -/

GINGER

Me too. Don't say it. I know.

Brigitte lights her smoke for her. Ginger takes a drag and passes it back to Brigitte.

GINGER

Fuck. You okay?

Brigitte resumes her first aid.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, I'm okay.

GINGER

Why!?? Why me?

BRIGITTE

It was crazy, it was like rabid  
or somethin' - Shit, look at the  
size of these bites!

GINGER

I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay.  
Right? It's okay.

Brigitte doesn't look convinced. Brigitte snaps the port of  
an internal vacuum system open and reaches into the tube.  
She withdraws a sample-size of Jack Daniels.

BRIGITTE

Drink this.

Ginger glugs some down, and passes the last mouthful left to  
Brigitte. Brigitte waves it away, so Ginger finishes it all.

BRIGITTE

I seen this thing, on bears?  
Said bears'd come after like,  
chicks on the rag. 'Cause of  
the smell.

GINGER

Wasn't my fault!

BRIGITTE

I didn't say that.../

GINGER

Wasn't a fuckin' bear either.  
Whatever it was, it wasn't a  
bear!

BRIGITTE

I know, I'm not .../

GINGER

Do I stink? Can you smell it?

BRIGITTE

No! Geez, I was jus', whatever.

A heavy silence falls between them. Brigitte keeps working.

GINGER  
Doesn't feel anythin' like  
peeing your pants, by the way.

BRIGITTE  
It doesn't?

GINGER  
It's gross though. It's really  
gross. I better, ya know, deal  
with that...

BRIGITTE  
Yeah, sure.

Ginger's only half-bandaged up. She staggers to the bathroom and shuts the door. Brigitte eyes the Polaroid camera: a picture sits ready to be dispensed.

She pulls it free. We do not see the photo. Brigitte's eyes bug out as she examines it.

The toilet flushes in the bathroom and Brigitte pushes the photo under the pillow on her bed. Shaking her head.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
It was blurry. It was really  
outta focus, so. Ya couldn't  
TELL it was really anything.

Ginger emerges pulling uncomfortably at her crotch. She climbs painfully onto her bed, and collapses.

GINGER  
That booze - straight to my  
head, man.

BRIGITTE  
You really okay?

Ginger's eyes are already fluttering shut.

GINGER  
You saved me. Love you. Bee.

Brigitte leans in, listening to Ginger breathe.

BRIGITTE  
Me too, Ginge'.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brigitte sits straight up in bed, sweating, with eyes wide.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
I woke up later, I thought the  
thing was in our room.

Brigitte peers at Ginger: she's snoring. Brigitte pulls out the Polaroid and fires up her lighter to see by. This time we see it too. A streak of fur, fangs and a golden glinting eye.

BRIGITTE (CON'T-V/O)  
Then I remembered Sam the tree  
planter killed it with his  
truck, an' we were okay.  
...But really, Ginger -? Well.  
Wasn't.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH GROUNDS - DAY

It's noon hour. The grounds are full of teens.

Brigitte is eating as she ticks off the fourth day in Ginger's feminine hygiene calendar. Brigitte counts 28 days from the first check mark. Her pen hovers over the date: Halloween, and the next full moon. The first day was a full moon. Brigitte slowly circles them both.

Ginger wears long sleeves to hide her bandages, and shades. She's looking BOYS up and down as they pass. Ginger's stomach is growling. An untouched sandwich sits on her lap.

BRIGITTE  
Gonna eat that?

Ginger shakes her head as she picks at her bandages. Brigitte helps herself.

BRIGITTE  
Mmm! Sad, but Pamela's egg salad  
is her best thing. Like that she  
can do.  
(no response)  
Like, when she puts the baby  
onions in?  
(no response)  
And she gobs on it and adds  
those hard little pieces of  
booger ...

Ginger pulls at her own crotch.

BRIGITTE

Hell-o!?

GINGER

Sorry. Pads suck, so ya know.

BRIGITTE

Should eat *something*.

GINGER

Thanks *Pamela*, I'm aware.

Off Brigitte's insulted look,

GINGER

I dunno, I'm all blaaahh, I got this, like I can taste what I want, but nothin's it. Ya know?

Brigitte stops in mid-chew.

BRIGITTE

A craving?

GINGER

Yeah. I crave. Ya know?

Brigitte chews very slowly as she stares at Ginger. Ginger squints at Jason and his pals across the yard.

GINGER

McCardy's a stoner right?

BRIGITTE

Yeah -?

GINGER

C'mon, I wanna feel better.

BRIGITTE

You joke.

Ginger heads off toward the boys - without waiting. Brigitte is in mid-mouthful, and has to scramble to catch up.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH GROUNDS/SCHOOL STEPS - DAY

Jason and his pals' butcho conversation sputters as Ginger strides up like a cat in heat. Brigitte stumbles up behind her, keeping her distance.

JASON

Uh - hi.

GINGER

Hey. So. Nice day, blah blah  
blah. Got any smoke?

JASON

What?

GINGER

Smoke. Grass, weed, dope, green,  
bud, Nancy.

JASON

Sh-sure.

GINGER

Wanna share?

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brigitte hesitates before a rusted-out old boogie van, it's  
rear door open and waiting. Blue smoke billows out of the  
interior. Brigitte looks confused.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I was all like, so who are you,  
an' what have you done with my  
sister, right?

Brigitte climbs in.

INT. VAN - DAY

Ginger, Jason, Tim, Frank and Jeremy sit toking a gagger. The  
guys are giddy with lust. Brigitte is huddled in a corner,  
attempting invisibility.

Jason hands Ginger the joint, making sure their fingers  
touch.

JASON

Hey. I thought your slide show  
in art was cool.

OTHER GUYS

Oh yeah/Unh-huh/Very cool.

GINGER

Yeah?



Jason and Ginger exchange a coy smile that makes Brigitte  
toke really hard on her pass.

Brigitte passes the dube to Tim, who winks at her. Brigitte  
sneers and looks at her watch. She makes a pained face at  
Ginger, but is ignored.

GINGER  
This home-grown?

JASON  
Yeah. This guy we know? Learned  
hydroponics in the pen, man.

BRIGITTE  
HydroPONics.

JASON  
Yeah, whatever.

Brigitte gapes at Ginger, who does not respond. Brigitte  
hides beneath her hair and presses even further into a  
corner. She starts quietly ripping up the corner of the old  
shag rug.

There is a codified knock on the van door. Brigitte jumps.

JASON  
Speak of the devil. Enter!

The back doors open and Sam (the tree planter) stands in  
silhouette, backlit by the day. His battered county truck  
waits behind him. He has a pit bull with him - MORELY.

BOYS  
Sam the Man! Hey Morely!

Sam and Morely hop in and close the doors. Brigitte is frozen  
at the sight of Sam up so close.

TIM  
Whoa dude. What happened to  
your truck?

SAM  
Shit. Had an accident on the  
403. It was weird it../

Morely stomps into Brigitte's lap, sniffing her crotch.

SAM

(to Brigitte)

Sorry about him, he's an ass  
hole. Morely! My girlfriend's,  
she won't leave him at home  
alone any more. Ya know, dog  
killers. Morely, no! Sit!

Brigitte's mouth is hanging open. Morely slobbers all over  
her hands.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I know, I look like an asshole.

Ginger's perma-smug smile fades as she makes eye contact with  
Morely. Morely growls at her. Sam is about to resume his  
accident story when,

JASON

Watcha got for us?

Sam produces several baggies of grass. Morely's hackles rise.  
Brigitte looks from the dog to Ginger. Ginger squirms.

SAM

New harvest, see whatcha think.

(to Morely)

What's your problem? Never seen  
a pretty girl before?

Ginger sneers at Morely and Morely bares his teeth.

JASON/TIM/FRANK

(digging out cash)

Thanks, man.

Morely bursts out barking and charges at Ginger.

Mayhem as the guys try to contain the dog in the small space.  
Jason uses the opportunity to shield Ginger for a free body  
press. Brigitte gets banged and shoved.

Ginger kicks and screams at the dog, her boot connects  
squarely with his snout. Morely keels back, and Sam snaps  
him up.

SAM

Sorry, he's not really like  
this. I'm really sorry.

GINGER

Jus' get'im out!

SAM

I'm really - well, see you guys.

And in another flash of daylight, Sam and Morely are gone. Brigitte looks longingly at the closed door.

The stone has set in, and everyone but Brigitte giggles as they settle. Brigitte takes in the Lesser Mortals like they're lepers.

JASON

You okay?

GINGER

Yeah. Just hate dogs.

They give one another this corny smile. Brigitte bugs her eyes at Ginger. Ginger rises reluctantly.

GINGER

Well. Thanks for the smoke.

JASON

Maybe we could -/

Ginger places a finger to her lips, then makes a finger gun and shoots him.

GINGER

I'll letcha know.

Ginger grins ear-to-ear, elbowing Brigitte. Ginger kicks the van doors open and saunters out. Brigitte follows, trying not to laugh.

INT. SCHOOL CAN - DAY

Brigitte stands stoned out of her bean in the girls' washroom. She imitates Ginger's cavalier farewell from the last scene.

BRIGITTE

I'll letcha, I'll jus' let-choo know. Bud. ...So Ginger. Wanna tell me about you and like, the planet yer currently visiting?

No answer. Brigitte squints at the tampon dispenser next to her. She tries to work it without putting money in. She smacks her dry lips. Brigitte bends over the sink and drinks from the tap.

GINGER (O/S)

Bee-?

Brigitte doesn't hear her over the roar of the tap in her face. It shuts off automatically over her gaping mouth. Brigitte puts her finger up the spout and almost gets it stuck.

GINGER

Bee!

BRIGITTE

(startled)  
Yeah!

GINGER

Com'ere-!

Brigitte shuffles to the wrong door, opens it and finds it empty. She giggles and moves to the next one.

BRIGITTE

That smoke fucked me ...up.

Brigitte finds Ginger with her shirt and all the bandages peeled off. She is dabbing at herself with wads of toilet paper.

The scratches and bites are oozing a clear gelatinous goo, under which a fine film of dark hairs have sprouted.

Brigitte steps into the stall agape. The door hits her on the way in.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Ginger and Brigitte stand nose to nose in the stall. Brigitte has not fully closed the door. Ginger is just as stoned as Brigitte.

BRIGITTE

Geez .... that's not right.

GINGER

I didn't think.

BRIGITTE

What's the sticky stuff?

GINGER

I dunno.

Brigitte carefully rubs a finger over the fuzzy hair in the wounds.

BRIGITTE  
Oooh. Tickly.

GINGER  
I got it on my tits too, look.

BRIGITTE  
Weird. Does it hurt?

GINGER  
No, it's itchy. I can't have a hairy chest Bee, that's fucked.

BRIGITTE  
Yeah, like forget that tattoo you wanted.

GINGER  
This sucks.

BRIGITTE  
Quite badly.

The idiocy of the looks of awe on the other's face makes them both crack up.

GINGER  
(laughing)  
This isn't funny.

BRIGITTE  
(laughing hard)  
I know, but okay. What I think?  
(she counts on her fingers)  
Attacked. On a full moon. Now, yer hairy.

GINGER  
(snorting)  
I'm not Harry, I'm Ginger.

BRIGITTE  
(snorting too)  
Stop, I'm serious. Think about it.

Ginger stops laughing long enough to let the suggestion settle.

GINGER  
That's so stupid!

They both burst into gales again. There is a sound outside the stall, as

INT. BATHROOM PROPER - DAY

The Trinas prance in to powder their noses. *The* Trina grabs the first stall door - Brigitte and Ginger's.

Brigitte and Ginger stand frozen like the proverbial deer in headlights. Trina does not see Ginger's transformation. But Ginger IS just doing her top up.

TRINA  
Eeeew!

Trina backs away, her hands to her mouth.

TRINA  
Gawd! They're lesbos!

CLONES  
Eeeeeeww!!

Brigitte smacks her forehead. Ginger steps out and leers at Trina, licking her lips in a grotesque mock-lust. The Trinas shrink back against the farthest wall.

GINGER  
Yeah, who's next? I'm still sticky!

Brigitte's jaw drops. Ginger turns to leave and the Trinas start to relax. Ginger whips around again:

GINGER  
(barking like a dog)  
Rrr-uf, ruf, rr-uf-rufrrf!

TRINAS  
(shriek)

Ginger gives the Trinas a good dead-eyed stare, and walks out. Brigitte stumbles out after her.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Today's assignment is hacking up little pig feti.

BRIGITTE (O/S)  
'Course Trina din't waste any  
time.

Trina stares Brigitte down as she folds up a note and passes it to a classmate. It is read and passed on by every kid in the room during this scene.

Brigitte holds her scalpel over the over their piggy - hesitating. Ginger's attention is riveted on the little carcass.

BRIGITTE  
They're all looking at us.

GINGER  
So?

Ginger looks up at Jason, who is reading the note. Jason smiles at Ginger and destroys the note. Trina seethes.

Ginger grabs the knife from Brigitte. She makes a deep incision in the pig's belly.

BRIGITTE  
So! You're growing fur an'  
acting like a nut, is so!

Ginger spies two girls giggling at her. Using both hands Ginger cracks the carcass wide open like a clam. Ginger digs in, gouging out the pig's parts with her bare hands. Ginger breaks into a sweat, her breathing gets heavy.

Brigitte cautiously looks around at their classmates. She moves to shield Ginger from prying eyes.

BRIGITTE  
Um. Ginger-?

GINGER  
Hold on, I'm goin' for the  
brain.

Ginger has begun scraping away at the pig's cranium with her finger nails. A sickening creak, snap, and the brain is exposed. Ginger - unconsciously - licks her fingers as she admires its frontal lobe.

Brigitte fights a ralph.

BRIGITTE  
Can't believe you did that!

GINGER  
Hunh? What?

Before Brigitte can answer, Ginger lifts the brain out on her finger tips, gently pushes Brigitte out of her way and...

Whap! The brain lands squarely on Trina's head. Trina screams.

GINGER  
Ha-ha! Bull's eye!

BIO TEACHER  
Ginger Fitzgerald! Hall, NOW!

GINGER  
What, it slipped!

As Ginger stomps out with the teacher. Brigitte and Trina gape at one another.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
That week, Ginger was all over the map. She was the goddamn schizo poster girl. She forgot the gyno guy. I couldn't believe she forgot. She promised.

Brigitte is dying a thousand deaths on the examining table with her feet in stirrups. The GYNECOLOGIST is examining her.

A NURSE stands next to him, smiling benignly as she passes him the contraption used to take a pap smear. Brigitte is almost in tears.

CUT TO:

Same moment in the examination procedure, but now Ginger is in the stirrups. And the doctor is shocked at his findings.

GYNO  
What the -?



INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brigitte gives Ginger a pout as they both shift uncomfortably in their seats.

The doctor is gulping cups of water from the water cooler, his hand shaking. He talks to Pamela like the girls aren't even there.

GYNO

I've never seen anything like it. She's not built like a normal girl. I've sent samples to the lab. But this is very, VERY unusual.

Brigitte pokes Ginger in the ribs. Ginger doesn't like this, and pushes Brigitte so hard she almost falls off her chair.

PAMELA

Girls, please.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The window is open. Norman the terrier yaps.

Ginger is in a tank shirt which reveals her hair growth is spreading. Brigitte is sitting at the desk with a pile of monster books.

GINGER

What're you, nuts? I got a skin thing, whatever.

BRIGITTE

If you just gotta skin thing why does it get worse everytime yer being a bitch? Why's the gyno say you're a monster *inside*?

GINGER

He din't say that!

BRIGITTE

Just listen to these symptoms!

GINGER

I'm takin' a shower.

Ginger slams the bathroom door shut. Brigitte consults her books, and the feminine hygiene calendar ... 10 days are ticked off. Norman the terrier barks on.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

(reading)

"The key to his survival is a constant diet of fresh warm-blooded victims. His appetite is insatiable, and grows with each kill. But his appetite is also the key to his own demise,

INT. GIRLS' ATTACHED BATH - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Ginger is in the shower. She runs shaking hands over her body. Ginger hears Norman's barking as super-amplified. Its persistence is making her mental.

BRIGITTE (V/O - CON'T)

"...for eventually the blood-lust over-takes human reason, overtakes even the instinct for self-preservation, and he will risk all for the excitement of the euphoric high of his murders."

Ginger shaves the delicate area around her ankles. She cuts herself and freaks. Ginger snaps the Lady Bic in half and throws the pieces hard against the shower wall.

GINGER

Fuck fuck fuck FUCK!

There are two other broken razors in the stall, stuffed with hairs. Blood mixes with the water and swirls around her toes.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dog is still barking outside. Brigitte closes her book.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

But see all the books and movies an' shit said it had to be a full moon, that it'd be all at once. An' ya know, not one word about chick werewolves on the rag. Typical.

Ginger flings open the door, tears to the window, hauls herself out and is gone. Brigitte is after her in a heart beat.

EXT. YARD NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Ginger is over the fence with ease. Norman barks more, harder.

EXT. FITZGERALD YARD - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Brigitte can't vault the fence. She clambers up a shared tree at the fence line to see.

Ginger tries to grab the dog but he dances around her, barking like crazy. She grabs his snout with her bare hands and he bites her hard.

GINGER  
Sonnovabitch!

Now livid, Ginger takes up a dead tree branch.

Up in the tree, Brigitte hides her face in her hands.

Ginger cracks the stick over the dog's head. The yelping stops but Ginger keeps hitting. Blood splatters over her face. And Ginger tastes it.

Ginger drops her stick. She drags the body into the hedge next to the fence.

Brigitte lowers her hands from her eyes. Ginger is directly below her, concealed from the house by the shrubs.

Ginger falls to her knees before the corpse. She lifts a rattling hand to touch him. She lowers her face to the bloody mess. She's sweating, vibrating, physically resisting an irresistible drive. Ginger's tongue slips between her lips. And Ginger licks Morely's body.

BRIGITTE  
Oh. No. G-ginger -!

Ginger begins to eat the dead dog. The feed quickly becomes a ravenous frenzy.

Above her, Brigitte leans over the branch she's barely balancing on, hyperventilating.

Vomit sails down from Brigitte's perch.

The porch light comes on behind Ginger.

BRIGITTE

Shit.

Brigitte scrambles down the tree and yanks Ginger off the dog. Ginger's face is smeared in blood. Ginger's stunned, and reels dizzily. They crouch, waiting.

Their NEIGHBOR opens the screen door, shaking a box of dog biscuits.

NEIGHBOR

Nore-maan! Tweak-time! Hunh.

The neighbor steps into the yard. Approaches the hedge. Stops right before them - they can see a pair of slippers twitching in the grass. Then they disappear, the porch light switches off, the screen door shuts.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Brigitte sits staring into space. Ginger is showering in the attached bath.

GINGER (O/S)

(singing)

Ho-ow much is that daw-gy in the window... Arf-Arf!

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ever been too sick to be sick?  
Like the bottom of your stomach  
is wrapped over the top of your  
head?

There is a knock at the door. Brigitte checks the dead bolt is on.

BRIGITTE

Yeah?!

PAMELA (O/S)

Who's showering so late?

BRIGITTE

Ginger!

PAMELA(O/S)

Why?

BRIGITTE  
She's dirty?!

Brigitte throws up her hands: what an idiotic conversation.

PAMELA (O/S)  
Dirty!? How'd she get/

BRIGITTE  
I'm tryin' to study, here!

PAMELA (O/S)  
Oh, all right then.

Brigitte slumps against the door. The showers stops.

Ginger appears in a towel, pink and clean and freshly furry in places. She's in a really good mood. She takes one look at Brigitte's face of doom and tries to be serious.

GINGER  
I couldn't help it. Really.  
Guess you were right.

Ginger finds and lights a smoke.

GINGER  
You know what's really weird?

BRIGITTE  
Weirder than KILLING A DOG AND  
EATING IT????!!

GINGER  
I liked it. I liked it a lot. I  
feel all fuckin' goofy now.  
Like, I dunno. Like ...happy?

Brigitte shakes her head over and over.

GINGER  
I feel like I just got off the  
Planet Smasher ride at WarWorld,  
okay? It rules!

Ginger leaps to the stereo and blasts on some tunes. She flails around the room wildly. Ginger grabs Brigitte by the arms and makes her dance too. Ginger spins and spins Brigitte, who fights it but laughs.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
So she'd killed Norman. I never  
seen anyone bliss out like that.  
I wanted to be so blissed, jus'  
once.

There is repeated pounding on their door. Brigitte still  
entangled in Ginger, hits the music off.

PAMELA (O/S)  
Little late for that, girls.

GINGER/BRIGITTE  
(Bite me!)/Sorry!

They stand in each other's arms listening to Pamela mount the stairs OFF SCREEN.

Ginger shoves Brigitte backward onto her bed. Ginger piles  
on top of her, playfully pinning her down.

GINGER  
I want more.

Brigitte squirms fitfully.

BRIGITTE  
No, it's too gross! You'll get  
caught.

GINGER  
Not if you help. Bee. I'm  
starving.

Brigitte looks into her sister's beaming face.

GINGER  
Jus' keep watch. Look, I'm gonna  
be somethin' totally else. Tell  
me you don't so dig it. Tell me  
you don't wanna see what  
happens.

Brigitte groans.

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
Straight up? Crazy's contagious.  
Trust me.

## EXT. VARIOUS STREETS &amp; YARDS - VARIOUS NIGHTS

Bailey Downs sleeps soundly as the hunt begins. The moon is a sliver of its former self.

Ginger cocks her head at the sound of a dog barking. She lifts her nose into the wind and sniffs. Ginger is prowls like a wild cat through yards and service lanes, as

A study in much less stealth, Brigitte stumbles, trips and slips after Ginger. Splits her sweats climbing fences. Loses a shoe over garage roofs, gets caught in automated lawn sprinklers, falls into hidden cellar window troughs, as

A series of dogs perk their ears and snarl from their dog houses, chains, and porch perches...

Low whistles and smoochy sounds lure the dogs into bushes, behind cars, around fences. Strings of dogs' chains strain tight, then slacken...

Ginger - wild-eyed, bloody-mouthed, and euphoric - tosses collars at Brigitte. Brigitte misses most of the tosses. She picks up the collars and fingers these souvenirs with disgust.

INSERT:

## EXT. A BACK YARD - DAWN

A LITTLE KID decked out for hockey practice waddles into his yard with a full dog food dish. His feet squish along his pet's entrails. He finds his dog's body and drops the dish with a clatter on the cement patio.

KID

M-m-mMOM!?

CUT BACK TO:

Days get ticked off on the feminine hygiene calendar...

BRIGITTE (V/O)

We became the Beast of Bailey  
Downs. We got good.

The moon vanishes, then reappears in as a First Quarter, as

Brigitte's getting the hang of things, she practices expert surveillance from car roofs, throws stones to trip motion-sensitive lamps, starts moving like a super spy, taking crime-scene style Polaroids of their victims, as

Ginger's kills get quicker, she gets wilder, more daring, more ruthless, and...

Brigitte gets cooler, confident, collected. She's mapping out attack routes and leading the frothing Ginger to the big scores, like dog kennels...

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
The more we did, the crazier she  
got...

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTS FIELD - NIGHT

Under a swelling moon Brigitte and Ginger tear around in the dark, screaming and laughing and rough-housing.

JUMP TO:

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte shoves a fist-full of collars under their mattresses.

JUMP BACK TO:

On the field, Ginger climbs up on the goal post and walks carefully across the narrow beam.

JUMP TO:

BRIGITTE (V/O)  
The crazier she got, the more  
she needed me. I liked that  
part.

In their room, Brigitte helps Ginger shave her back. Ginger trims her elongating nails. Brigitte plucks hairs from Ginger's palms. Ginger brushes her teeth and a piece of tooth comes off - she has a little fang.

JUMP TO:

On the field both Brigitte and Ginger hang upside down from the goal post by their knees. Brigitte is wearing a dog collar as a necklace. They are laughing their heads off and trying to pull each other's shirts down to expose each other's breasts.



## INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAWN

Ginger holds her mattress up while Brigitte stuffs handfuls of the collars underneath. They collapse, exhausted. Ginger crawls on her hands and knees to the toilet in the

## INT. ATTACHED BATH - DAWN

Ginger drinks out of the toilet like a dog.

## INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/DAWN

Ginger burps loudly and crawls back to join her sister, who offers her a cigarette.

BRIGITTE

Pig.

GINGER

You love it.

Brigitte examines the feminine hygiene calendar. In it, a cartoon of a female egg is personified with a heels and sunglasses, strutting across the date.

BRIGITTE

Hey, look yer ovulating.

Ginger rubs her belly.

GINGER

I'm still hungry, Bee.

BRIGITTE

How can you - you've done every dog we can ...

GINGER

It's not enough. I want somethin'... I need more.

## EXT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

All the kids lounging on the grounds double-take the Fitzgerald girls' entrance this morning.

Ginger is babe-alicious in a hot tiny tee, boots, shades and very short shorts. She projects unbearably untouchable. Brigitte flanks her without the wardrobe, but the attitude is there.